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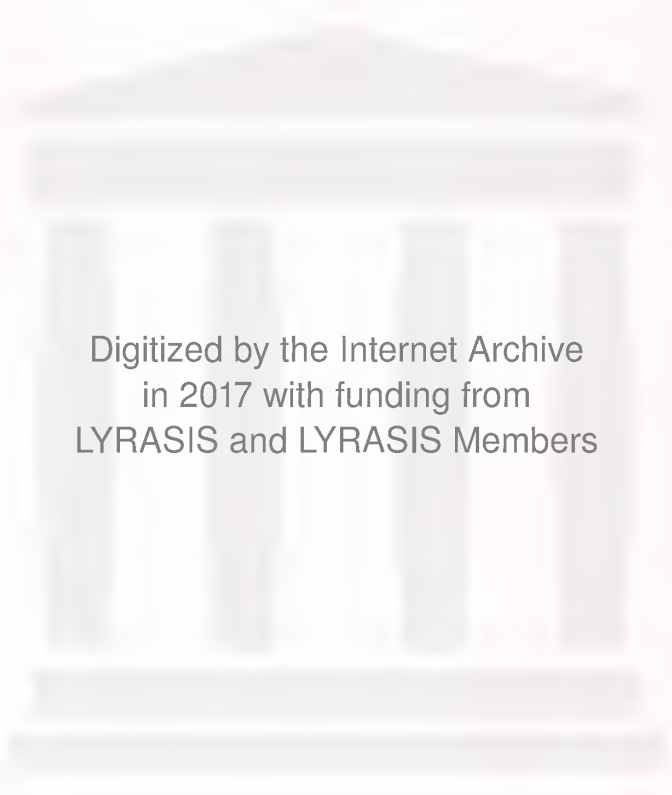
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The Missile.

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The Missile

JANUARY 1912



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL



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Dedicated to the Memory of
Dr. D. M. Brown
Superintendent of the Public Schools
of Petersburg, Virginia
from
1886 to 1908

DR. DUNCAN MCGREGOR BROWN.

Dr. Duncan McGregor Brown was born in 1857, in the city of Petersburg, where the greater part of his noble and useful life was spent. He was a graduate of the Petersburg High School in 1873 and of Hampden-Sidney College in 1877. He began his first public work in our city as principal of the Peabody School, where he served for three years and then became the principal of Anderson School. After three years of successful work in the latter school, he studied for four years at the Medical College of Virginia and had before him a most promising future as a practicing physician. But the call to educational work came to him, and in 1886 he became superintendent and principal of the public schools of our city, holding that office through successive appointments for twenty-two years. Besides his arduous duties as superintendent, Dr. Brown was during the last seven years of his life clerk and treasurer of the School Board of the city.

During a period of twenty-two years, Dr. Brown was the most active, energetic, and successful leader in the educational interests of our city. He was not only held in the highest esteem by the people of his native city; but he took high rank among the other superintendents of the State, his opinion being eagerly sought on all points.

His death, which occurred on the twenty-seventh of January, 1908, took from our city one of its most useful, influential and valued citizens. His work, as a private citizen, as the treasurer of St. John's Episcopal Church, and his helpful and elevating influence in each of these branches can hardly be overestimated. The people of Petersburg have realized and appreciated his great services to them, and have erected and dedicated to him a beautiful school building. Thus, the name and memory of Dr. Duncan M. Brown will always be kept fresh in the hearts and minds of the school children of Petersburg.

Unfelt Thoughts



HERE'S gladness in the murmuring brook;
There's a charm in the gleam of a star;
There's a wondrous glow in the skies that look
Through the clouds that float afar.

There's a thrill in the songs that fall,
In golden strains, from the dying sun;
And in all the joyful tones that call
To the weary one, whose work is done.

There's a joy in the moon-kissed hills;
And in beams that dance on the bay;
There's a soul in the laughing of rills
When their ripples are gliding away.

And the world is a harp, with strings,
That are vibrant with Heaven-tuned joys,
And the chorus of Earth in the symphony rings
With the spell of an unheard voice.

—By E. A. Burgess, '09

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1912

No. 1

On the Appomattox



AMONG the many traditions that have their foundations in and around the old town of Petersburg is one so old and so known that I hesitate to tell it. However, with the hope that you have not heard it and trusting that you will pardon me if you have, I'll tell you how the story runs.

About five miles down the Appomattox River, to your right as you go down, standing high upon a hill and hidden by trees, are the ruins of a former mansion, so old, so bleak, so weather-beaten and forsaken that even the mighty trees round about, remembering former days, lift up their giant branches to heaven, and through the long nights sigh and mourn. But no storm nor desolation is able to destroy the dignity of those proud pillars. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the occupants of this mansion would have shuddered, had one been able to portray to them the picture that this place now presents.

There lived in this house at that time, a man, gruff, harsh and morose, and his wife, a woman very cold and proud. Both of them loved better than their very lives, their only daughter, Jennetta, a beautiful girl. All that knew them marvelled that this girl, about whom it could be truly said that "to know her was to love her," could be the daughter of such stern people. Jennetta went often to spend an evening with an old invalid woman, whose hearthstone, though narrow and

humble, glowed ever with cheerfulness and hospitality. Her own home, however, was gray and forbidding. Jennetta's parents, as I have said, loved her deeply, but her nature craved what theirs had not to give; consequently, the evenings were many that she spent with her invalid friend. Here she frequently saw a certain man, who, though a blacksmith by trade, was noble and strong at heart, and who, as many another, fell a victim to her charms. He, it is said, loved Jennetta from the moment that he first saw her. With her it was different; such a thing as love for the blacksmith had never entered her mind, until one day she suddenly realized all that he meant to her. Her love grew out of her great admiration for him, his strength and nobleness appealed to her; she knew not how or why, but only that she loved him. So they went on, for days and weeks and months, loving and being loved, little realizing what the outcome would be.

One day, however, the pride of Jennetta's mother rebelled and, urged on by the sternness of her husband, there was a scene, not soon to be forgotten by those that witnessed it. The result was that Jennetta was kept away from her invalid friend and saw the blacksmith no more. It is said, though, that he saw her often.

Some weeks after that memorable day, there arrived at the mansion a young man from the north, who came for the purpose of transacting with the stern master of the mansion some minor business for his father. This young man, of a family that had for a long time been well-to-do, had never been compelled to work and, indeed, had done little of it and never any that was hard. As a result, he thought little and talked less. But even a fool can fall in love, and this one was no exception to the rule. He fell and fell **deep**. It was fortunate that his business matters required little of his time each day, for he spent most of it in walking with Jennetta, who was glad to get out and walk even with him. When she, wearied and bored, would not walk, he thought of her, and, finally, compelled to sleep, he would dream of her. So the days passed. It was drawing near the time of his departure,

but little did Jennetta care, for her thoughts were ever with the blacksmith, and she heeded not the attentions of this young John Lane.

All of this time, however, Jennetta's mother had not been blind to these attentions toward her daughter, which pleased her very much. To marry her daughter well had been for a long time her highest ambition. Here, she thought, was her opportunity, and so, though Jennetta knew nothing of it, the report went out through that section of the country, that *she, Jennetta*, was to marry that idle, care-free man. It was not long before this report reached the ears of the blacksmith, and when it reached him, it went straight to the bottom of his heart and lodged there. If Jennetta's mother had a will that would make her marry, the blacksmith had a will that would keep her from it. Day and night he thought of it, it preyed upon him. He worked harder now that he might forget it; again he worked less to forget it, but it was in vain. It was killing him; he wanted to see no one and he saw no one; he stayed alone, and in his solitude was haunted ever by the news that had come to his ears. Finally, crazed, he determined to put an end to it all; he went to an old chest, took out something that he hid carefully under his coat, closed his shop, and set out down the road. When in sight of a crossing, which led to a path well-known to him, he hid himself in the bushes. He had not been there long, however, when he spied a man alone, strolling slowly down the path, with his hands folded behind his back and his eyes gazing at the stars, which were now fast growing brighter and brighter * * * * *

* * * It was at this crossing that the young man soon afterward was found.

Two nights later the blacksmith disappeared. It was at that time when the moon is smallest. Some say six men, all robed in white, were seen to pass down toward the home of the blacksmith; others say that the Devil riding one horse and leading another was seen to go that same way. But the fact remains — the blacksmith disappeared.

On that spot where the shop once stood, at the time when

the clock strikes twelve, if the moon is at that point where it is smallest, you may hear the sound of that blacksmith's hammer as it rings out down the road with its regular "klankup, klankup, klankup." You may doubt this to be true, but if you wait till the moon and the time are right and go there, you, too, will hear that ghostly sound of the blacksmith's hammer,—that "klankup, klankup, klankup." Then, you will dare not doubt.

—*Alice Leigh Hays, '12*

Old Blandford Church at Twilight



THE sun, slowly sinking in the western sky, seemed to cast a beneficent glow upon the peaceful spot. The ancient church, covered with ivy of centuries, caught the flittering sunbeams which reflected its dim shadow over the silent graves, graves of the known and unknown, the dust of the hero and the coward side by side in this last peaceful slumber. Here and there one might see tombstones, so worn by the passing years that their inscriptions were hardly legible and some written in an ancient style which bore silent testimony of the days of "Auld Lang Syne." The faded walls were a mute witness of sorrows seen, dreams dreamed, and hopes unfulfilled.

Centuries ago, when the red man was the master of the new world, a few devout Christians erected the walls of this ancient building for their worship. Here many poured out their hearts to God and besought His aid in those restless times, until called to rest by Him, "The Highest of the High."

"And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High;

Years rolled by and near the solitary spot a city grew. War winged its awful desolation over it, and by its relentless cruelty the few graves became many. Invincible enemies lay side by side and they, in turn, were forgotten as the merciful hand of Nature obliterated the shallow mounds.

The rainbow hues slowly faded from the lovely sky, the little bird piped his last "good night" from the tall trees, night slowly enveloped the silent spot, and darkness fell over all. The moon, slowly rising in the cloudless sky, cast its ghostly beams over the solemn place, showed here and there a gleaming tomb of marble and smiled down upon the venerable church, which stood, as always, an emblem of peace and beauty.

—Olara Jackson, '13

A Life Worth Living



WHAT a different dawning this from that of yesterday!" thought Matilda Dyne, as she awoke on that sunshiny morning in early April. For to-day a great change was to come over Matilda's life that would, she thought, bring a joy, unknown for the last few years, into her life and the life of little Dot.

"My darling baby!" she uttered in a low tone for fear of disturbing the sleeping child. "Soon you will know what it is to have a father's love," said she, stroking gently the little forehead nestled close to her own on the pillow.

"Oh! it seems too good to be true; but, come, I must be up and ready to catch an early car. How happy Jack will be! Just think of his being free once more!"

Jack Dyne, Matilda's husband, a young man of humble but good birth, had, three years before the opening of the story, been tried in the Circuit Court on a charge of blackmailing, convicted, and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Birdville state prison. During this time Matilda had to struggle hard to "make both ends meet." Many a night had she and little Dot gone supperless to bed or with little more than a crust of bread between them for the morning meal. The child, delicate from the first, had grown more so as the time went by, and this frailty was increased by a lack of proper nourishment.

Now, however, the future seemed to Matilda bright and sunny. Yesterday, she had secured the Governor's pardon for her husband—the pardon she had striven so hard to obtain many times. Ah! how good the words looked as she glanced at the printed sheet. "I do hereby order that Jack Dyne, convict in Birdville prison for the past three years, be released from said prison because of good behavior during imprisonment." A little later she set out for the prison accompanied by Dot, the baby of four years.

"Home again at last!" said Matilda, as they entered the door of their lowly home. "Dear old Jack, just to think of your being home once more. Oh! I knew my prayers would be answered some day. It seems hard to realize, though, doesn't it, Jack? Why, what's the matter? What makes you look at me like that? Cheer up; this is not a dream; it is really true that you are free again!" exclaimed Matilda, throwing her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh! Mattie," moaned Jack as he sank down on the nearest chair and buried his face in his hands, "to think that I have been the cause of all this suffering to you! Matilda, forgive me, if you can; I'll never do it again, I swear I won't, no, never! But tell me how it happened."

Then Matilda recounted to him the whole story of her trials during his imprisonment; how she had striven to secure work and failed; how she had prayed God to help them in their distress, especially Dottie and how, at last, her prayers had been answered when she had secured the pardon from the Governor.

"But we mustn't think of that now, Jack," she continued, a smile lighting up her face. "It's all over now. You can soon get a new job and we'll be happy again, won't we Dot?" she assured him, kissing the little girl. "So cheer up, and I'll make you a cup of nice, hot coffee, you poor boy," said Matilda, patting him gently on the shoulder.

"What man wouldn't be good with a wife like mine?" said Jack, as he set forth the next morning with a brave smile on his face and a cheerful determination in his heart to begin life anew and aright. "Yes, I am going to do my best for her."

And he did. After making several inquiries for positions, he finally succeeded in securing one as janitor of a small apartment house on the opposite side of the town, where he was known to no one. The work, which seemed play to him who had labored for three years in the prison, was always creditably done. For a few weeks all went well. One day, however, he was pointed out to the landlord of the apartment

house as a former convict of Birdville prison. Then afresh began his trial. He soon received a discharge. He seemed to be hounded, as it were, by the prison officials. Again sorrows came upon him, "not single spies but in battalions." What was to become of them?

"What's the use of my living, anyway; I'm not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill me," said Jack gloomily to himself one afternoon, returning home from a vain search for a position. "If it wasn't for Mattie and Dot, I'd just kill myself and end it all. But no man could resist—"

Here he was interrupted in his pessimistic musings by the sound of a horse rushing madly down the street, dragging with him the turnout in which was seated a well-dressed young girl. The girl screamed for help; but no one was able to stop the animal, save Jack, who jumped into the road just in time to prevent the girl from being thrown to the ground and, probably, killed. The usual crowd assembling, he walked away, as he thought, unnoticed by all and without having received a word of thanks for his act of kindness. Thus, the incident passed out of his mind, for a time at least.

Still another week went by with the same ill-fortune for Jack. No one needed "help" at this time, it seemed; or if any one did, by some chance Jack was recognized as the Jack Dyne of former days, the blackmailer. Dot grew ill. There was almost no money for food and medicine. Matilda herself was becoming pale and hollow-eyed. Nevertheless, she succeeded in keeping a cheerful face when Jack was at home, always pleading, pleading with him.

"Jack, don't give up," she begged one night when he had despaired of obtaining a position. "Just keep on trying, and put your trust in God. He has answered my prayers; he will answer yours, too, if you'll just keep praying and never give up."

This time, however, Matilda's words fell on deaf ears. "What's the use of trying when I always fail?" he muttered, half sobbing as he rocked to and fro. She feared that an evil plan was forming in his mind. He appeared to be struggling

with some violent emotion. Never before had she seen him so wrought up as tonight. Something must be done to prevent him from carrying out his plans, for she knew he had some plan. Yet, all pleading was in vain. What must she do? When she fell asleep soon through sheer weariness, this thought was still on her mind—what must she do?

A few minutes later Jack crept out of the door and down the street as stealthily as a mouse, keeping in the dark as much as possible and crouching behind a tree at every little sound for fear of being detected. Now he was fixed and determined in his purpose. He could stand it no longer. On and on he went, his resolutions never wavering in the least. Finally, he arrived in the fashionable residential section of the town. Soon he stopped before the handsome residence of a well-known physician, Dr. St. Cloud. As Jack had passed the theatre that night, making his way homeward, the doctor and his young daughter, Evelyn, were just entering the door of the playhouse. This was his chance.

The town clock was striking eleven when he stealthily climbed the iron fence enclosing the immense grounds of the St. Cloud home.

"Just in time," he muttered to himself, "a few minutes later and all would have been over," as he hid behind a huge oak tree on one side of the winding driveway leading to the house; at the same time he fastened on his mask. Within the house, everything seemed still, and there were only dim lights in the front rooms. After having waited what seemed to him an interminable time, finally he heard in the distance the sound of carriage wheels, gradually drawing nearer and nearer. Meanwhile his heart beat more and more violently; he was almost decided to give up his plan; but, no, it was too late now. The carriage was stopping. The physician and his daughter were getting out. When they were about to mount the steps leading to the front entrance, Jack's pistol was flung out in the darkness, and he yelled: "Hands up, or you are dead people!"

The girl gave a piercing scream, "Oh Father, don't let him kill us," as she clung to her father's side.

Something made Jack recoil. Perhaps it was shame. Where had he heard that voice before? Ah! yes, now he remembered—this was the girl whom he had saved from death in the runaway accident a week before. Instantly he snatched the mask from his eyes, lowered his pistol to the ground, and bowed his head in shame.

"I surrender, I am guilty," he said like one disgraced for life.

"Why, Father," exclaimed Evelyn St. Cloud nervously, still quivering from fright, "that is the man who saved my life," as she examined more closely his features.

"Daughter," replied Dr. St. Cloud, "that cannot be true!"

"Yes, I am sure of it, Father," excitedly, said Evelyn.

"Yes," he faltered, his head still cast down, "I did it, but I was unworthy to do it. I didn't mean to go back to the old life," he continued, "but everything went wrong and I couldn't stand it."

"Come inside and tell me your whole story," said Dr. St. Cloud, a trifle kindly. "Let us hope it will prove satisfactory."

The three went in. Jack told in a straightforward way the story of his life with all its trials and tribulations up to that time. When he left the house a few minutes later, it was with a much lighter heart than he had carried for several weeks past.

"Good night, Jack Dyne," said Dr. St. Cloud, as Jack descended the steps to make his way homeward. "Tomorrow we shall see what can be done for your wife and child and yourself. Never go back to blackmailing again; it doesn't pay. Good night."

"Good night, Doctor," said Jack, "you have done me a lot of good. Life is worth living after all," he muttered to himself later as he closed the iron gate of the St. Cloud grounds. "Yes, life is worth living."

—Charlotte Gilliam, '09

The Blue Bird



FROM the earliest existence of man, there has been an uncontrollable longing for something to be acquired that would quench the thirst of his soul. The past is but an empty space, which holds forth memories rich in the disappointments of hope. Past attainments do not satisfy. Only through the desire to be acquired, they lure on the soul by the expectation of appeasing this insatiable thirst. When once the dreams that seem to offer that for which the soul is in quest become realities, they lose their charm and sink into the past. Sweet memories sometimes hover around them, but too often, the recollection that they failed to measure up to expectation. Thus, man is lured onward by the belief that only the future is worth while and in that kingdom lies the goal.

In just such a search for happiness, Tytyl, the son of the wood-cutter became involved. A castle of splendor, the home of the rich, appeared before him in a dream. There happiness was presented to him, but as an intangible thing. Yet, his heart was astir, his whole soul was thirsting for this gift in such a manner that it appeared he was on the verge of grasping it.

At this moment a fairy appeared before him. She was in quest of the Blue Bird, which alone could make her sick child happy. Tytyl had such a bird; but, influenced by the spirit of selfishness, he was unwilling to part with it. Thereupon, the fairy said it was not blue enough, so Tytyl must seek it elsewhere. She could not accompany him in person, for she represented the Spirit, which is ever present, yet, not in bodily form. So he and his little sister had to make the journey alone. Only Light, the personification of the powers of reason, was present to direct them against the temptations which always accompany man and endeavor to deprive him of his power. Through Light alone the fairy could speak and administer to his needs.

The children searched in the Land of Memory, the home of departed souls. There Tytyl found what he thought was the Blue Bird. But the Blue Bird of the dead cannot be the one for which the living are in quest; for what may constitute the happiness of the one is not adapted to the needs of the other. Nor does death hold among her mysteries the secret of the search; for the mysteries of the dead are inconceivable to the living. Therefore, the Blue Bird must be elsewhere.

Man is eternally prone to look to the future for the reward of his search. The future comes, but often as unfruitful as the present may have seemed. Not in this kingdom did Tytyl find the Blue Bird; for there the children were as dissatisfied as those of the present.

The journey ended, but Tytyl found not the object of his search. Once more the Spirit addressed him, not through a vision, but through a messenger. When he awoke, an old woman was present, who had come to ask once more for the Blue Bird he had so often refused her sick child. Now Tytyl parted with it gladly, for to do so was necessary to his happiness. The bird, however, was no bluer now than when the fairy wished it. Yet, this time it was untarnished by selfishness, which had made it unacceptable. It was the one for which Tytyl was searching and which alone could bring happiness both to the giver and to the receiver.

Thus, man finds happiness not in the past and future, but in the present; not as something beyond his reach, but as a gift within his possession; not as a bird which can be caged, but as one that carries a blessing in its flight.

—Annie Tench, '10

THE MISSILE

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Editorial

When a ship starts out upon a voyage, it usually has its prow pointed in some fixed direction and sails ever forward to reach its destination—the end of its journey. It may never reach the hoped-for port, but still it sails, driven by some cause toward its goal until the waves and winds have either destroyed it or driven it upon some foreign shore. Every deed has its cause; each action has some end in view. People—even those who are not inclined to be inquisitive—inquire for the cause and look forward toward the end. Therefore, if any reader wishes to know why this magazine is published and whence came the idea, we shall not wonder. The idea is not original. Although we are not inclined to be imitative, we are but following in the footsteps of more worthy predecessors. Columbus but followed the teachings of his master. What was the result? Other schools in America have long since successfully published monthly magazines of, for, and by their pupils. So we shall publish this magazine, which is to be of, for, and by the pupils of the Petersburg High School, in order to place before the eyes of the citizens of our city, the progress of our school; to develop whatever literary talent may be in any of our fellow-students; to promote, to as a great degree as possible, a certain personal pride in our school

among the pupils; and to bring the parents in closer touch with this their children's school and the pupils in closer contact with his fellow pupil. This, at least, is our aim. We may shoot wide of the mark. Columbus aimed for India, but his ships landed in America. "Tis not failure, but low aim that makes the crime."

"The Missile," our name; "En avant," our motto! What's in a name? Nothing. Everything. Every name means something to some; to others, nothing. In choosing a name for our magazine we endeavored to select one that no other magazine had, while, at the same time, it would be suggestive. This was hard to do. Finally, we decided upon "The Missile," as one both new and suitable to our purpose—suggestive of our aims, our hopes. "En avant," "Forward," ever forward is we think a suitable motto to be coupled with "The Missile." "Forward!" "The Missile," "The Missile" is a weapon of peace, a weapon of war by means of which we hope to awaken the citizens of Petersburg to what we are accomplishing—to what we need. It is a dart of words thrown between the school and the home; not for the purpose of separating, but of binding them together. We hope it to be sharp and cutting to some, soothing to others; everything that its name and motto implies—"The Missile," "Forward."



The football season of 1911 has been the most successful one that the Petersburg High School has seen for many a year. This year the team has made a splendid record, having played the entire season without once tasting the bitter dregs of defeat. Out of the six games played it has won four and tied the other two.

At the beginning of the season the prospects of having a winning team were very dark. We did not have a team last year; consequently, most of the candidates for the team were very inexperienced, some never having played any football before this year. Notwithstanding this fact, the High School put on the grid-iron a team, of which not only every pupil and teacher of the High School but every loyal citizen of the Cockade City who knows how to appreciate clean sport should be proud.

Although the members of the team and, also, the athletic association deserve a great deal of credit, the success of the season is chiefly due to a certain individual whose name is Herbert Gilliam, alias "Hub." It was he who voluntarily offered to coach the team, and it was he who by hard work every afternoon, developed so much raw material into such a formidable football machine. Many a time the team has gone on the field with his parting words still ringing in their ears,

"Now go in there and fight," followed by a clap of the hands and his ever-ready "Dig, dig, dig all the time." Judging from the successful scores, his worthy subjects heeded his advice.

A word or two may be said here about the players who composed the team. Let us first take the back-field. Andrews, Kinsey, and Pollard certainly formed a trio which proved itself worthy of all the honors that the grid-iron affords. Andrews developed into an excellent full-back. He is heavy, well built, fairly quick, a good punter, knows the game, is good on the offense, and a tower of strength on the defense. This year Andrews has been one of the main-stays of the team, and even greater things are expected of him next year. Kinsey at right-half made an excellent mate for Andrews, Kinsey is quick as a flash, sure on his feet, kicks goals well, is fine on offense, and runs back punts in fine style. Kinsey was one of the best ground gainers on the team and was a great help to it in many ways. This is his last year at school, and it will be a long time before another man is found to play his position as he played it. Pollard at left-half was fully capable of holding down his end of the line and generally helping others to hold theirs. In one game only was Pollard unable to make steady gains, and the reason of this was, that our opponents had been told to watch him, and they placed two men on him. He is quick, tackles low and hard, and is good on hitting the line and, also, circling the ends. Pollard has been chosen "Captain" for the coming season, and it is believed that if anybody can head us to victory, it is Pollard.

But we have forgotten somebody, the heavy-weight (?) of the team, Chas. M. Gilliam, Jr., who for the last four games played quarter. Gilliam is no particularly brilliant star, but a good steady player. Although his position is on end, when it became necessary he slipped into quarter the evening before a game, and played that position the rest of the season remarkably well. Gilliam weighs only 114 pounds, but is quick, handles the ball well, and runs the team with good judgment. Gilliam is expected to return to school next year,

and if he does, he is sure of a position either on end or at quarter.

Next we come to the ends. These two positions were played by Elliot and Young. Both of these men were fast, good on offense and defense, and both good on raking in forward passes. Both of these men will return next year, when it is expected they will hold down their same positions.

Cottrel at left-tackle played his position exceedingly well. He is heavy and knows how to use his weight. Cottrel had never played any football before this year and yet did so well. What will he do next year with a year's experience behind him?

At the two guards, we had two men, namely, Camp and Robertson, each weighing over 150 pounds. Both of these men were "some bears." They had an especially mean way of breaking through and smashing plays before they got started. Both are expected to return next year, when it is sincerely hoped they will keep up their good work at their same old stands.

At centre we had an unusually small man, but an unusually good one. Morrison weighs only 125 pounds, but is solid as a brick wall. He passes the ball well, is a sure tackler, is unusually quick, and good on spoiling opponents' forward passes. Morrison also is expected to return next year.

Last but not least comes Edgar Gilliam the "Captain" of the team. Although Gilliam was not fortunate enough to play in every game, he played in enough to win his letters. During the past season Gilliam played every position on the team except centre, and he played them all well. In the last game he made himself an especially brilliant star by scooping in a forward pass, and falling across the goal for the only score of the game. Gilliam has made an exceedingly good captain, and when he graduates this spring, the school will not only lose a good football player but a good captain.

The financial part of this season's work was handled by a man who thoroughly understood what he was about. This was Meade C. Brunet. Generally at the end of each season, the Athletic Association is deeply in debt, but this year it came out even with the board, not a cent in, not a cent out. Thanks to Mr. Brunet's management!

After due credit has been given to each of the players above mentioned, let's all take off our hats and give three cheers for Herbert Gilliam, "Head Coach of THE PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM of 1911!"

Let us now talk of our right-tackle, Robert G. Butcher—of our fat, short, "hefty" right-tackle. To Butcher we owe a great deal. It was he who made the opening through which Pollard made our first touchdown. Thereby hangs the success of our football season. He and Young opened the first hole to victory. Nor did he stop at the first. Ever afterward, in all the games in which he played, Butcher showed up in both defensive and offensive work—in one game upsetting their well-formed line plunges that would have meant defeat had they been executed, in another breaking through our foes' lines for behind-the-line tackles. He is heavy and uses his weight well; not slow, either; and above all he is a steady player. He should be a mainstay of the team of 1912.

—C. E. G.

The girls' basket ball squad, under the coaching of Miss Pilcher, has been in training for quite a while and is making fine progress. The girls are working hard, and as a result of their labors, an excellent team is expected.

The girls are trying to arrange a game with the Southern Female Collegé team, to be played on S. F. C.'s grounds. The last time these two teams met, the High School girls were badly defeated. The S. F. C. girls went about with their faces beaming with "smiles that won't wear off," but the High School girls are determined to rub them off this year. "He laughs best who laughs last."

School Notes

The pupils of IVA Class will be glad to aid Mr. Smithey in the great undertaking of explaining the "cat and rat" problem, since such a complicated problem will require so much of his time, for surely only an individual explanation will succeed in making it clear.

Is there anyone in High School that doubts that "the gift without the giver is bare?"

11B Grade boasts of having the only human checkerboard—See Clarence Lint's new suit!

Dick Gilliam of 1A got a "Golden" last month—quite an event, for he doesn't get one but once a month.

The 1B is one of the noisest classes in the Petersburg High School, Mr. Smithey often scolds them about the noise they make when changing rooms between periods. The noise they made is "just scandalous."

The many friends of Miss Sarah Short of 1A2 will be pleased to learn that her condition is much improved. Miss Short will soon be back to her regular duties again.

One day while Miss E— was teaching the 111B English class, during Miss Hobbs's absence, she asked, "Has anyone here ever heard about 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine?'" When someone said, "No, m'am, we have never heard about him. Who was he?" She looked as though she thought it below her official dignity to explain; nevertheless, she did tell us that, as we were studying the lives of our American poets, she would read us a poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

The 111A Class upheld its fine reputation last month by getting six "Golden Reports," and, as usual, they led the school.

Miss Blanche Robinson of 11A, who has been absent on account of sickness, has returned to her school duties.

We are glad to know that Miss Mann of IVA has recovered from the shock caused by our last Latin test. On account of her health, we hope that we shall have no more such tests.

Among the pupils that the 11B Grade has turned out this session is Mr. Taylor Smith, better known as Schneider Schmitz, who is now posing for the moving picture show. Visit the Cockade and see the "star."

Dear little Sam Elliott of 1A1 got his "Golden" last month, and we are so glad for he is such a good little boy.

Mr. Sammie Hogwood of 1A2 is in a pleasant mood since having his left jaw operated on for that affliction commonly known as acute mumps.

The 111A had a very interesting debate during December. The question was, "Should a viaduct be built from Bollingbrook Street to Chesterfield County?" The affirmative was ably upheld by Misses Coleman and Kruse, while the negative was argued by Misses Talbot and Gates. After a lengthy discussion the victory was won by the negative on account of the superior arguments brought forward by this side.

In his "Prologue" Chaucer describes to us many curious people, one of whom, "A Frankeleyn," (according to a recent IVA translation) kept fat patriarchs in his coop.

The colors decided on for the 111B Class were green and gold; but let it be distinctly understood that it is the gold only that really stands for the class, and that there was nothing personal in the selection of green. We assure you that you will find nothing "green" about the 111B's.

Miss Dinwiddie of 1A1 has, as yet, to learn that Alexander the Great went on an expedition, not an "exposition."

Miss Helen McCaleb of 11B was away from school for a week during December. We are glad that Miss McCaleb has entirely recovered from her illness and is with us again.

Among the musical events of the winter was a violin recital given by Miss Alberta Bowman of 11B at the D. M. Brown School, Friday, December 8th. This class boasts of two violinists—Miss Bowman and Mr. Booth.

During the past month there was a spelling match between the 11A "Regulars" and "Commercials." Each side exhibited much interest in the coming test of their spelling ability, and each was confident of success. Although the "Regulars" knew the "Commercials" were better spellers, they determined to do their best and win or lose that was all they could do. Alas! When the memorable day arrived, and twenty "Commercials" had lined up against twenty "Regulars," the Regulars dropped down one by one, while the Commercials, excepting some few who took their seats, held their own, until only one "Regular" stood against eight "Commercials." This one battled bravely for several rounds, but finally she, too, followed in the footsteps of her class-mates, and the victory was awarded to the "Commercials." The "Regulars" are not satisfied with the results of this match, and intend at another time to meet the "Commercials" on the spelling battleground again soon.

The "Golden Report" received by Miss Drewry of 11B created much excitement, for this was a very unusual occurrence. Miss Drewry's honor is the only one of its kind that has been received in this class this term.

Miss Lawrence of 1A1 has decided that the pins on the teacher's desk are for her special benefit and use.

In the selection of a class flower for the IIB grade remarkable varieties of taste were shown, especially by the boys. Mr. Butcher, our dignified president, wanted buttercups; Mr. Buchanan wanted briars; while others voted for thorns, dandelions, violets, and so on, each person desiring a different variety. Finally, the rose was decided on, and then came the question of color, to which Mr. Andrews replied, "Roses red."

"And violets blue," said Miss Gerow.

"Sugar is sweet," Mr. Andrews answered, and then the class cried in unison, "Enough said! enough said! A motion for adjournment!"

On Friday, October 24th the IIB Grade, according to the custom of the High School, entertained the school with a very interesting program.

Miss Alberta Bowman and Mr. Kevan Booth played "The Christ Child Gavotte," (violin duet) with Miss Elizabeth Drewry as accompanist.

Mr. Clarence Lints read a selection from Dickens which he rendered with much expression and which created much mirth among the girls and boys.

The last and most interesting selection was the presentation of the scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," when Moses comes back from the fair with the green spectacles. Those who took part in the play were Misses Bowman, Neaves, Drewry, and Daniel, and Messrs. Lints and Riddick.

The members of the IVA Class sincerely hope that in the future there will be no need of donning the "Black Ribbon."

During the past weeks the classes of the school have organized themselves, with president, vice-president, and secretary and treasurer, and also a class committee. Many of the classes have selected and ordered class pins.

The school was entertained on Friday, December 15, 1911, by the IA Grade. The program was as follows:

1.—Reading of a letter from Scotland, by Mr. Richard Patterson.

2.—Class Song, "Soldier's Rest," by Misses Morrison and Lawrence.

3.—"Journey of the Fiery Cross," by Miss Russell and Mr. Patterson.

4.—Chorus—"Draw the Sword of Scotland," by 1A Class.

A most enjoyable Christmas play was given by the High School pupils in the auditorium of the R. E. Lee School at noon on Friday, December 22, 1911. A number of girls, in costumes of various nations, told how Christmas was celebrated in the countries they represented. In addition to the many beautiful Christmas songs given by the pupils—French, German and English—Mr. Gustav Svetlik rendered the national air of Bohemia on the violin. The success of the entertainment was due to the excellent work of the committee in charge, composed of Misses Segar, Meyers and Baxter and Mr. Scott. At the conclusion of the play, the pupils were dismissed for the Christmas holidays.

Alumni

The class of '08, from all accounts, is the matrimonial class of the school. Only seven girls in the class and four have married! The other three have not done so—well, they are teaching in the Petersburg public schools.

Misses Charlotte Gilliam and Anna Thomas, since their graduation from the P. H. S., have been pursuing higher education at R. M. W. C.

Mr. Berkeley Peebles of the "famous" 1910 class is now at West Point. We hope that after the completion of his course there, "Berkeley" will not be stationed in the "Wild West" but at Fortress Monroe—at a distance to be reached by a "Trilby."

Misses Lucy Leake, Lucile Cousins, and Mabel Smith, old P. H. S. girls, have not only completed their work at the Farmville "Normal," but are teaching in our city schools; Miss Leake at Stonewall Jackson School, Miss Cousins at Sixth Ward School, and Miss Smith at R. E. Lee School.

Mr. George Morrison of the "class of 1911" is now at "Washington and Lee" taking a course in civil engineering.

Misses Mary Sterling Smith, Fanny Smith and Ruth Percival, of the "class of 1910" are pursuing studies at the Farmville "Normal."

Misses Annie Lee Jones and Dorothy Brown are taking a professional course at the State Normal and Industrial School, Harrisonburg, Va.

Miss Annie Tench, the honor graduate of "1910," is still receiving honors. Her work last summer and this winter at the Harrisonburg Normal School has been given high praise by her instructors.

Mr. Wm. Reese, a former High School boy, is principal of a graded school in Prince George County.

Miss Mollie Butcher, a graduate of our school, is teaching at New Canton, Buckingham County.

Miss Madge Hood, of the class of "1910," is teaching at Edgerton, Brunswick County.

Mr. Edward Burgess, a graduate of the Petersburg High School, is now a student at Randolph Macon College. He also has some work in the English Department, as assistant to Dr. Blackwell.

Mr. Arthur James, of the class of "1909," is studying at William and Mary College. In the debaters' contest last year he carried off all honors and was awarded the medal.

Exchange Department

BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, *Editor*

As "The Missile" is launched upon its initial journey, we trust that the efforts of the editor, as well as the students in general, may be well received by the public, as nothing is more buoyant to a beginner than an occasional word of good cheer.

It shall be the purpose of this department to throw criticism only wherein our judgment good may result to the publication criticized and give the proper praise wherever it is due.

Thus far, we have received the following magazines, which we fully appreciate: "The Iris," from the Girls High School at Philadelphia, Penn.; The Record, from the Staunton High School, Va.; "The William and Mary Literary Magazine;" "The John Marshall Record," from the John Marshall High School, Richmond, Va.; "The Critic," from the Lynchburg High School, Va.; "The Spectator," from the Boys' High School at Louisville, Ky.; "The News," from the St. Louis, Missouri, High School, and "The Oracle," Woodberry Forest School. We, also, wish to acknowledge receipt of the letters from the following: The Atlanta High School, for boys; Randolph Macon College; and Virginia Military Institute. As yet, their magazines have not been received.

It is our earnest wish and desire that, as this department meets its exchanges, the contact will serve to make each other glisten with wit and wisdom.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A
DANGEROUS THING

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 - 3 = 1 \\ 5 \times 3 = 14 \end{array}$$



A Few Pointers

37

TASTE FOR RELIGION.

A professor at a theological college was one day giving a lecture to the students. During his discourse he asked them how they would appeal to cannibals on a desert island. There was breathless silence for a short time. Finally the professor asked a particular smart young man, to what in the cannibal would he appeal? "Their appetite," replied the young man.

A DIFFERENCE OF A FEW DOLLARS.

The only difference between the United States and England is that the United States is ruled by the dollar while England is ruled by the sovereign.

HOW HEARTLESS.

The manager of a theatrical company, when signing up a number of chorus girls, found out that several of them could not even write their name.

The manager comforted them by saying, "That's all right, it's only a matter of form, only a matter of form."

THE ONLY SOFT KIND.

Jones: "Say Smith, I came nearly having a bad accident. I was walking through the doorway when somebody shoved me, knocking my head against the lock.

Smith: "Did it hurt you very bad?"

Jones: "No, not at all; for you see it was only a pad lock."

COULDN'T BE TRACED.

"Yesterday as I was driving in the country," related Binks, "my horse, being frightened by an automobile, started kicking. After nearly breaking the buggy to pieces, the horse broke loose and dashed up the road. But strange to say, I escaped with only a few bruises."

"Did you ever find your horse?" inquired Jones.

"No," replied Smith, "for you see, he didn't leave any traces."

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

Optimist: (At boarding house) The chicken looks very nice, I wonder what will come next?

Pessimist: The hash.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Teacher: Willie, what time was the capitol rebuilt after it had been burnt by the British?

Willie: I don't know.

Teacher: Now, think Willie, during what period was it?

Willie: Reconstruction Period.

'TIS SAD BUT TRUE.

We had just returned to school from our Thanksgiving holiday. Mr. Smithey opened the morning's work with the following prayer: "Oh, Lord, we have returned to Thee after four days' absence."

Is Mr. Smithey still sewing his wild oats?

Owing to the large and varied amount of material handed in to the teachers, we have decided to publish a "Standard *Idiotic* Dictionary." From a number of praiseworthy definitions, we have selected the following:

A cat is an animal covered with fur and having four feet, rather short with sharp pointed ears and long tail.

A cat is an animal. It has four feet. A cat has fur about an inch long. Its eyes change three times a day.

A hat is an ornament for the head.

A chair is a piece of furniture for one person to sit in.

A piano is a musical instrument of wood, with a key board containing all the scales.

A piano is a musical instrument with notes which are struck with the hands.

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